1325-b
7

ON THE UNION.

AIR, "THE DUCHESS."

I.

I Can't, for my life, gueſs the cauſe of this fuſs,
Why Cooke, Taafe, and Spencer, with Weld, in a flurry,
Have addled their brains in a rage to diſcuſs,
And then diſh'd them up to the town in a hurry:
But, why at their ſculls
They've made ſuch mad pulls,
The caſe is now ſtated, and every one knows;
But, be what it will,
Our wiſh ſhall be ſtill,
Joy and health to good Corney wherever he goes.

II.

The genius of Britain, who long had enjoy'd
Supreme, as a keeper, Miſs Ireland's charms,
Mad jealous that Miſs with Republicans toy'd,
And ſeem'd half inclined to eſcape from his arms.
He ſwore, in a rage,
He'd ſurely engage
His miſtreſs's perſon, and hold it for life;
He'd make her his own,
His fleſh and his bone—
He'd lawfully wed her, and call her his wife.

III.

But Miſs, moſt coquettiſh, now flirts it away,
For oh!——her poor heart *in three halves* is divided;
Her LOOSE LAWLESS PASSIONS now tempt her to ſtray—
Her CANDOUR AND WORTH are by wedlock much guided:
FALSE PRIDE then ſteps in,
And chucks up her chin,
And cries, "If you marry, you'll never be free—
"Great Cæſar's proud wife
"I'd ſcorn it for life——
"No!—keep yourſelf miſtreſs, or whore as you be."

IV.

By looſe lawleſs paſſions, ſweet Miſs, be not ruled;
Nor quit your old keeper to yield to a ſtranger—
A tyrant, by whom you'd be plunder'd and fool'd;
And, truſt me, dear Miſs, in the trial there's danger.
Beſides, in the ſcuffle,
Your perſon they'd ruffle;
For Britain's proud Genius wont tamely reſign;
So, tatter'd and torn,
An outcaſt forlorn,
Too late at paſt follies you'd ſorely repine.

V.

But moſt by FALSE PRIDE, my dear Miſs, it's your fate
Your mind ſhould be poiſon'd—and, ſure, 'tis no wonder
Your ſervants ſhould chooſe you content in that ſtate
Which long they've enjoy'd, and grown fat on the plunder:
They'd keep you a whore,
Moſt proud, and moſt poor,
Convinc'd, if you're married, their jobbing's no more;
Or, ſhould they agree,
They'll finger a fee—
'Tis then they'll conſent, Miſs, but never before.

VI.

Then down with LOOSE PASSIONS, and down with FALSE PRIDE;
Let CANDOUR AND WORTH in your breaſt but prevail, Miſs,
And prove to old Britain a true faithful bride,
Then nations, with awe, the PROUD NUPTIALS ſhall hail, Miſs.
Lord Hymen, moſt grand,
Our Corny ſhall ſtand,
In robes of pure ſaffron—his gay wedding cloaths—
Whilſt ſhouts, rais'd on high,
Shall rend the glad ſky
With—JOY TO GOOD CORNEY WHEREVER HE GOES!

GRANU WALE.

ARRAH, Granu, dear Granu, take reaſon, I pray—
'Tis no harm to hear what John Bull has to ſay;
The bribe hunting bar againſt Union may rail,—
They live by diviſion, dear Granu Wale.

CHORUS.

Sing, bubbaroo, didderoo, Granu Wale—
With the ball at their own feet they hope to prevail;
Low wages they give you, perhaps, nay a jail—
'Tis not ſo in England, dear Granu Wale.

If a poor man, in England, falls out with a Peer,
'Tis juſtice—not intereſt, will ſoon bring him clear;
His cabbin no Orange-man dare to aſſail—
I wiſh we were England, dear Granu Wale.
Sing, bubbaroo, &c.

'Tis then that the boats on canals would ſoon ply—
'Tis then thro' the looms that the ſhuttles would fly—
Your camblets and frizes would then have a ſale,
And your minds would be open'd, ſweet Granu Wale.
Sing, bubbarroo, &c.

But the weavers of ſpeeches, with ſo much to ſay,
Bribed, or bribe-ſeeking—all whom the poor pay,
Their harveſt is gone when the tongue-markets fail—
To the devil we'll bob them, ſweet Granu Wale.
Sing, bubbaroo, &c.

The queſtion is this, ſhall we Engliſhmen be,
Like Britons grow rich, and like Britons be free?
Or, ſlaves to the Faction, rehearſe the old tale—
While Woollaghan's ſhoot down poor Granu Wale?
Sing, bubbaroo, &c.

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